WHITE-HALL FAYRE:

OR,

Who buyes good Penniworths OF BARKSTEAD.

THE FAYRE PROCLAMED.

O Yes, *come all who doe intend to buy*
Good Penniworths; doe you want Treachery,
Schisme, Sedition, Votes, both pro and con,
Doe you want bane, to kill a Nation:
Doe you want Orders, Questions, Proclamations,
Covenants, Contracts, Compacts, Protestations.
Here you may furnisht be, with sives of ayre:
O yes, *come all then, unto* White-Hall-*Fayre.*

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WHITE-HALL FAYRE,

&c.

Spectator.

HEre's a Faire well furnisht? what Colonel *Barkstead*, art thou turn'd *Pedlar*, what rarities, make thy packe looke with so full a countenance; thou art laden with other Commodities (sure) then Thimbles, and silver Spoones.

Pedlar.

Sir I intrusted am, by our high States,
Who are the Kingdomes Rulers, yea their Fates,
To put to sale, those paper Ordinances
Who broke ere they were charg'd, by sad mischances;
For to make money of those rotten Dawes
Which shronke, and durst not to support the Cause.
I am Authoriz'd, to present to view
The States *Quodlibets*, and I have a few,
Of their strange wild projections, hard to see,
To kill the King, and all his Progenie.

Spectator.

Pri-thee discover some of those envi'd Objects, what's that thou art so shie to bring out, rip up the belly of thy Bag, and let me take a view of all.

Pedlar.

Here is a Fairing, dangerous to reveale,
'Tis the late counterfeited, new Great Seale:
With which the Commons ratifie their Acts,
And doe confirme, their treasonable Facts.

Not

Nor is this to be thought, a grand deceit;
For they each one, even Kings do counterfeit.
The Kings Power virtually, is in them
They say, and therefore share his Diadem:
And though against all Reason, Law, and Right,
They keepe him Prisoner, in the Isle of *Wight*.
By consequence, He doth amongst them sit,
If you will please Sir, for to credit it.

Spectator.

Their principles are altogether Paradoxes; but prithee, what's that hath so faire an out-side, yet is so black within.

Pedlar.

O Sir! this able is, all Hell to daunt,
This is the Solemne league, and Covenant;
A damn'd projection, such as *Knox* found out
When hee, and *Andrew Melvill* went about
For to reforme the *Scottish* Kirk, and draw
All to imbrace, the Presbyterian law.
When the Earth sweat, for to behold their acts,
And Hell was plow'd up, with their hellish facts.
This is the *Gordian*-knot, that once did tie
Two Kingdomes, in a trayterous Amitie.
This thrust them forward, Bishops to pull downe;
And after that, to ceaze on CHARLES his Crowne:
While the poore Commons, of this bale-full Isle
Were forc't for to be perjur'd, and meane while
Expos'd to all calamity, and woe;
Their Persons slaine, their Chattels ceaz'd on too.
But now the Members, having gain'd their ends,
They kick the *Scots* off, once their onely Friends.

The Covenant no longer, they regard;
They fought for fame, their Brethren for reward.
And *Oliver*, even by his Sword hath vow'd
Their Government, ſhall never, be allow'd.

Spectator.

What's that, that is ſo patch't and piec't there, with many Cuts and ſlices in't, as if ſome Sword had been eating out a paſſage, through and through it.

Pedlar.

This is an Ordinance, o'the pureſt kind;
That maimed Soldiers, may ſome ſuccour find;
Thoſe that have loſt, a joynt, an Arme, a Leg,
Muſt now no longer, be conſtrain'd to beg.
They ſhall have a relief, the day is ſet,
From thoſe Delinquents ſtates, not found out yet;
Their ſervice is ſumm'd up, and this is all
That muſt bee their reward, an Hoſpitall:
Three-pence a day, cleane Straw, contempt and ſcorne,
This is the badge, that muſt their Armes adorne.

Spectator.

Was any other to be expected, but that thoſe who have ruinated others for gaine, ſhould in the end periſh themſelves by want; but what more haſt thou there, prithee make a full and free diſcovery?

Pedlar.

Here's a Declaration ſhowes
The Members, doe repent the woes
They have upon, the Kingdome brought;
While they good-men, it's welfare fought:

Therefore

Therefore to bleare the Commons eyes,
And for to ſtint their heavie cryes
This doth declare; they will appoint
Thoſe men, who to put all in joint,
Shall heare, their heavie plaints; redreſſe
All grievances, that them oppreſſe:
Though no ſuch thing, they doe intend;
Or that their Preſſures, e're ſhould end.

Spectator.

Enough of that, but what is that other Scrowle there, thou haſt bound up ſo ſurely?

Pedlar.

O Sir, this Ordinance commands
The ſpeedy ſale, of Biſhops lands;
For ſince the Church is quite defact:
Why with Revenues, is it grac't.
This lovely Pawne, is layd to pledge
To Sathan, Prince of Sacriledge.
Since now no Learning's requiſite
But what, the Spirit doth indite.
Since Coblers, Tinkers, Weavers, Taylors,
Rope-makers, Chandlers, Pedlars, Saylors
Can Preach, and lovely well can Pray,
When as the Spirit bids them ſay.
Since now each Dolt, although in jeſt,
Can put on black, and bee a Prieſt;
And with his Staffe in hand can trace
All o're the Land from place to place.
And 'mongſt the Rurals pick up pence;
Tearming it ſupreame providence.
What ſhould wee doe, with Learned men;
No, let the *Chaos*, come agen.

For since no lands the Church doth merit,
Wee all will live, upon the Spirit.

Spectator.

Church Lands are worth a million an Acre, and yet whosoever buyes one for a pennie, will lose by the bargaine, but those Sacrilegious theeves at Westminster, *are so fleisht in wickednesse, that were it in their power, they would make sale of the Golden gates of Heaven, and traffick for the Emeraulds and Saphires that pave it, but what other conceits hast thou?*

Pedlar.

Sir, here's an Ordinance, that doth command,
That all the Royall partie, out of hand
Depart the City, and for preservation
Of those good Members, that now rule our Nation.
Not come, within ten furlongs of the Citty
Lest they be snapt, by a Select Committee.
Hierusalem, the holy Citty none
But Saints, must have their habitation
In thee; and therefore, now away prophane,
And come, when you are sent for in againe.
None must in *London*, take up their abode,
But the blest Round-heads, the Elect of God.
Whom he hath blest, with a pure Reformation,
To trample on the ruines, of a Nation.
Bow, bow your backs, stoope, stoope and let them ride
Yee Cavaliers, your Fate you must abide.

Spectator.

They are immeasurably happy whose occasions will permit them, to keep out of that great but wicked City, who was the first fomenter of the late rebellious Warre, and will be the last, that sparts the greatest for its treacherie? but whats that i'the black box there?

Pedlar.

Pedlar.

Sir, this some call, Hells master-piece, the core
And heart of all those Ills, that went before.
A vile projection, grimme, and dangerous
Deform'd, defunct, destructive Hazordans.
The Epitome, and extract of all crimes,
That have these seven years, abus'd the Times.
Tis call'd an *Ordinance*, that none shall dare
Lest they gaine death, as those that Traytors are.
From their Leige Lord, a letter to receive
Or, any letter writ from him to give
Into their hands; harke, harke, yee Nations neere,
Yee *Tartars*, who doe only *Demons* feare.
It is high Treason now, for us to doe,
That which the Law of God injoynes us to.
Yea and all humane Statutes, were they scand
Command us to obey, our Kings command.
Ring the Bells backward, now let all things jarre,
As when the furious Elements mannag'd warre.
All things goe quite contrary, blacks call'd white,
White black, right is call'd wrong wrong called right.

Spectator.

Thou hast shown mee very strange ware, such as never no Pedlar before thee could produce; but is this all?

Pedlar.

No Sir, I'ave one thing more, and this is it,
And let swift Fame, for ave remember it:
Pray shut your eyes, for that which now I shew,
Once forc't Sol back, when he the lines did view.

Or

As when *Thieſtes* Banquet, ſtay'd his courſe,
Or *Joſhua's* Prayers, did unyoake his horſe.
This I doe want a name for, 'tis a thing
Some call a Declaration, 'gainſt the King;
Taxing him for his Life; this if you buy,
You have the Maſter-piece of treachery.
This, this alone, diſcovers their falſe hearts,
And that they ever, acted Traytors parts.
Since now for to ſupport, their tottering ſtate
They'l purchaſe Hell, ſell ſinne, at any rate.
They would perſwade the world, the Kings command
Did ſend his Father, to the *Stygian* ſtrand.
O damn'd contrivers of a Nations woe,
The Ruiners of Prince, and People too.
Come who buyes this, that hee may read and ſee
What vipers our brave *Weſtminſterians* bee.

But now 'tis night, and Sol *is gon,*
Darkneſſe ore-ſpreads the Horizon:
All you, who to White-hall *repaire*
Pray enter, and behold the Faire.
For ſuch a Faire was never knowne,
Nor ne're will bee, when this is gone.

FINIS.